

MUST PROVIDE FOOD

Duty Devolving on Farmers of This Continent.

Western Canada Well Prepared to Meet the Needs of the Old World—
"The Earth Is a Machine Which Yields Almost Gratuitous Service to Every Application of Intellect"—
Emerson.

Speaking with one of the commissioners appointed to make a survey of the food situation in the battle-torn countries of Europe the writer was told that the depletion and shortage of food was far greater than anybody had expected. With the investigation, which at that time had merely started, much had been brought to light that had only been surmised. Herds of live stock were completely wiped out, fields that had been prolific yielders of grain, roots and vegetables were terraced and hummocked by bombs and shells, many of them still lying unexploded and dangerous. Until this land can be gone over and cleaned nothing in the way of cultivation can be carried on, and even where that is done the work of leveling and getting under cultivation will take a long time.

Much more devolves upon the farmer on this side of the Atlantic than was at first supposed. Herds of live stock will have to be replenished, and this will take years; the provisioning of the people in the meantime is the task the farmers here will be asked to undertake. Producing countries will be taxed to their utmost to meet this demand; all that can be provided will be needed. This need will continue for some time, and during this period prices will be high. The opinion of those who have given the question most careful thought and study is that food scarcity will be greater than ever before. The Allies will have to feed Germany, Austria, Turkey and Russia and this in addition to the requirements of European neutrals for increased supplies now that there is no submarine menace.

To the Canadian and American farmer this means a demand for his grain fully as great as at any time in the past. Wheat will be needed, meat will be required. The slogan "don't stop saving food" is as necessary today as ever. The purpose of this article is to direct attention to the fact that hundreds of thousands of acres of land in Western Canada are still uncultivated, and this land is capable of producing enough to supply all needs. On its rich grasses are really raised—and cheaply too—the cattle that will be sought; in its soil lies the nutrient that makes easy the production of the grain that will be needed, and in both the farmer will be assured of a good profit on his investment. The land can be purchased at low prices, on easy terms, and with the abundance of returns that it will give, it does not mean a matter of speculation. The facts as set out are known, and certainly are guaranteed.

These facts, the low cost of the land, and its great productivity, combined with the admirable marketing and transport facilities at the disposal of the farmer make farming in Western Canada an attractive proposition.—Advertisement.

Something in One Lesson.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" asked the young man.
"Well—I don't know," replied the sweet young thing, thoughtfully.
"I have \$5,000 in Liberty bonds, \$10,000 invested in good-paying stock—"
"Go on, I'm learning."
"And \$50,000 in well-paying real estate."
"All right, dear; I've learned. Believe me, you're some teacher!"—
Yonkers Statesman.

INDIGESTION, GAS, UPSET STOMACH

HURRY! JUST EAT ONE TABLET OF PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN FOR INSTANT RELIEF.

No waiting! When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel indigestion pain, lumps of distress in stomach, heartburn or headache. Here is instant relief.



Just as soon as you eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin all the dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin always make sick, upset stomachs feel fine at once and they cost so little at drug stores.—Adv.

Couldn't Return It.

"I thought you said the vest you sold me last week would not shrink," cried the indignant customer, as he stalked wrathfully into the shop.
"Quite right," replied the manager, affably; "if it should shrink, all you have to do is to hand it back to us, and we'll give you a new one."
"That's just what I mean to do," snapped the customer; "but I was caught in the rain last night, and now I can't get the beastly thing off!"

Coated tongue, vertigo and constipation are relieved by Garfield Tea.—Adv.

We usually see things as we want to see them; not as they are.

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

Copyright, 1918, by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Call the dog, just the same," repeated Amanda Parlow. "Prince will hear you and bark."
"God bless you! So he will," cried Mr. Stagg. "You've got more sense than any of us, Mandy."

"And I'll have the chapel bell rung," she said.
"Huh! what's that for?"
"The wind will carry the sound out across the cove. The boy, Chet, will recognize the sound of the bell and it will give him an idea of where home is."

"You do beat all!" exclaimed Joseph Stagg, starting to leave the house.

"Find a cap of Chet's, Mrs. Gormley," she commanded. "Don't you see Mr. Stagg has no hat? He'll catch his death of cold."

"Why, I never thought!" He turned to speak directly to Miss Amanda, but she had gone back into the room and was putting on her outer wraps. Mrs. Gormley, red-eyed and weeping, brought the cap.

Mr. Stagg plunged down the steps and kept on down the hill to the water front. There was an eating-place here where the waterside characters congregated, and Mr. Stagg put his head in at the door.

"Some of you fellows come out with me on the ice and look for a little girl—and a boy and a dog," said Mr. Stagg. "Like enough, they're lost in this storm. And the ice is going out."

They all rushed out of the eating-house and down to the nearest dock. Even the cook went, for he chanced to know Carolyn May.

"And let me tell you, she's one rare little kid," he declared, out of Mr. Stagg's hearing. "How she came to be related to that hard-as-nails Joe Stagg is a puzzle."

The hardware dealer might deserve this title in ordinary times, but this was one occasion when he plainly displayed emotion.

Hannah's Carolyn, the little child he had learned to love, was somewhere on the ice in the driving storm. He would have rushed blindly out on the rotten ice, bareheaded and alone, had the others not halted him.

Joseph Stagg stood on the dock and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Prince! Prince! Prince!"
The wind must have carried his voice a long way out across the cove, but there was no reply.

Then, suddenly, the clear silver tone of a bell rang out. Its pitch carried through the storm startlingly clear.

There was a movement out in the cove. One field of ice crashed against another. Mr. Stagg stifled a moan and was one of the first to climb down to the level of the ice.

"Have a care, Joe," somebody warned him. "This snow on the ice will mask the holes and fissures something scandalous."

But Joe Stagg was reckless of his own safety. He started out into the snow, shouting again:

"Prince! Prince! Here, boy! Here, boy!"

There was no answering bark.
The clanging of the chapel bell was a comforting sound. Joseph Stagg did not know that, unable to find the sexton, Amanda Parlow had forced the church door and was tugging at the rough rope herself.

Back and forth she rang the iron clapper, and it was no uncertain note that clanged across the storm-driven cove that afternoon. It was not work to which Carolyn May's "pretty lady" was used. Her shoulders soon ached and the palms of her hands were raw and bleeding. But she continued to toll the bell without a moment's surcease—on and on, till her brain swam and her breath came chokingly from her lungs.

"Joe! Joe!" she muttered each time that she bore down on the bell rope, and the iron tongue shouted the word for her, far across the snow-blotted cove.

Carolyn May was not the first of the trio caught out on the moving ice to be frightened. Perhaps because she had such unbounded faith in the good intentions of everybody toward her, the child could not imagine anything really hurting her.

"Oh, isn't this fun!" she cried, bending her head before the beating of the storm. "Do hang on, Princey."

But Prince could not hang on so well, now that they faced the wind. He slipped off the sled twice, and that delayed them. Under his skates, Chet could feel the ice heave, while the resonant cracks followed each other like a fire of musketry.

"Goodness me!" gasped Carolyn May. "The ice seems to be going all to pieces, Chet. I hope it won't till we get back to the shore."
"I'm hopin' that, too," returned the boy.

He had quickly realized that they were in peril, but he would not let Carolyn May see that he was frightened—no, indeed!

The boy unstrapped the skates swiftly. He had a very good reason for removing them. If the ice was breaking up into floes, he might skate right off into the water, being unable to halt quickly enough, if on the steel runners. He now plopped on, head down, drag-

ging the sled and the child, with Prince slipping and scratching along beside them.

Suddenly he came to open water. It was so broad a channel that he could not hope to leap it; and, of course, he could not get the sled and the little girl across.

"My!" cried Carolyn May. "That place wasn't here when we came out, was it, Chet? It must have just come here."

"I don't think it was here before," admitted the boy.

Suddenly a sound reached their ears that startled both; it even made Prince prick up his ears and listen. Then the dog sat up on his haunches and began to howl.

"Oh, don't Prince!" gasped Carolyn May. "Who ever told you you could sing, just because you hear a church bell ringing?"

"That's the chapel bell!" cried Chet Gormley. "Now I'm sure I'm right. But we must get around this open patch in the water."

He set off along the edge of the open water, which looked black and angry. The ice groaned and cracked in a threatening way. He was not sure whether the floes were on had completely broken away from the great mass of ice in the cove and was already drifting out into the lake or not.

Haste, however, he knew was imperative. The tolling of the chapel bell coming faintly down the wind, Chet drew the sled swiftly along the edge of the opening, the dog trotting along beside them, whining. Prince plainly did not approve of this.

"Here it is!" shouted the boy in sudden joy. "Now we'll be all right, Carolyn May!"

"Oh, I'm so glad, Chet," said the little girl. "For I'm getting real cold, and this snow makes me all wet."

"Keep up your heart, Carolyn May," he begged. "I guess we'll get through all right now."

"Oh, I'm not really afraid," the little girl answered. "Only I'd really like to be on shore."

Chet hastened on toward the sound of the tolling bell, sharply on the watch for other breaks in the ice.

Here was another—a wide-spreading crevasse filled with black water. Chet



He Turned a Bright Face on Her as He Struck Out for the Edge of the Other Ice Floe.

he had no idea to which direction he should turn. And, indeed, it seemed to him as though the opening was growing wider each moment. The ice on which they stood must be completely severed from that further up in the inlet!

The boy had become frightened. Carolyn May had little idea of their danger. Prince sat up and howled. It seemed to the boy as though they were in desperate straits, indeed.

"You've got to be a brave girl, Carolyn May," he said. "I'm going to swim across this place, and then drag you over. You stick to the sled and you won't scarcely get wet even."

"Oh, Chet! don't you dare get drowned!" begged Carolyn May, terrified now by the situation.

He turned a bright face on her as he struck out for the edge of the other ice floe. Chet might not have been the wisest boy who ever lived, but he was brave, in the very best sense of the word.

"Don't worry about me, Carolyn May," he chattered.

The desperate chill of the water almost stopped the boy's heart.

Three strokes took him across the patch of open water.

"We'll be all right in a minute, Carolyn May!" he called, climbing to his feet.

And then he discovered something that almost stunned him. The line he had looped around his wrist had slipped off! He had no way of reaching the rope attached to the sled save by crossing back through the water.

Chet felt that he could not do it. "Oh, Chet! Chet!" wailed Carolyn May. "You've dropped my rope!"

What he should do, poor Chet could not think. His brain seemed completely cleared.

But what was the little girl doing? He saw her hauling in on the wet rope and she seemed to be speaking to Prince, for he stood directly before her, his ears erect, his tail agitated. By and by he barked sharply.

"Now, Princey!" Chet heard her cry. She thrust the end of the rope into the dog's jaws and waved her mittened hand towards the open water and the unhappy Chet beyond it.

Prince sprang around, faced the strait of black water, shaking the end of the rope vigorously. Chet saw what she meant and he shrieked to the dog:

"Come on, Prince! Come on, good dog! Here, sir!"

Prince could not bark his reply with the rope in his jaws, but he sprang into the water and swam steadily toward Chet.

He stooped and seized the dog's forelegs when he came near and helped him scramble out on the ice. The end of the rope was safely in his grasp again.

"My goodness! My goodness! I could sing a hallelujah!" declared Chet, his eyes streaming now. "Hold on, now, Carolyn May! I'm going to drag you across. You hang right on to that sled!"

"Oh, I'll cling to it, Chet," declared the little girl. "And do take me off this ice, quick, for I think it's floating out with me."

Chet drew on the rope, the sled moved forward and plunged, with just a little splash, into the pool.

In a few seconds he had "snaked" the sled to the edge of the ice floe on which he stood. He picked the sobbing Carolyn May off the sled and then lifted that up too. The little girl was wet below her waist.

"I'm—I'm just as cold as I—I can be," she chattered. "Oh, Chet! take me home, please!"

"I'm a-going to," chattered the lad in return.

He dragged off his coat now, wrung it as dry as he could and wrapped it around Carolyn May's legs before he seated her on the sled again. Then he seized the rope once more and started toward the sound of the chapel bell.

Prince began to bark. He could not move forward much faster than Chet did, but he faced the wind and began to bark with persistence.

"There—there's something over there, Chet," murmured Carolyn May. She was all but breathless herself.

Then, through the wind and storm, came a faint hail. Prince eagerly pursued his barking. Chet tried to reply to the hail, but his voice was only a hoarse croak.

"We've got to keep on—we've got to keep on," muttered the lad, dragging the sled slowly.

The dog had disappeared. Carolyn May was weeping frankly. Chet Gormley was pushing slowly through the storm, staggering at each step, scarcely aware in what direction he was heading.

CHAPTER XIV.

How to Write a Sermon.
Joseph Stagg heard the dog bark first of all.

The men with Mr. Stagg having spread out on the ice like a skirmishing party, now closed in toward the point from which sounded the dog's barking. The hardware dealer shouted as he ran. He was the most reckless of them all and on several occasions came near falling.

Suddenly an object appeared in the smother of falling snow. Hoarsely the dog barked again. Mr. Stagg shouted:

"Hey, Prince! Prince! Here we are!"

The mongrel made for the hardware merchant and almost knocked him over. He was mad with joy.

"Show 'em to us, good dog!" cried Uncle Joe. "Take us to 'em! Where's Hannah's Carolyn? Show us, boy!"

Prince lapped Mr. Stagg's face and then ran off through the falling snow, barking and leaping. The men hurried after him. Twice or thrice the dog was back to make sure that he was followed. Then the men saw something outlined in the driving snow.

"Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!"

The child's shrill voice reached the hardware merchant. There was poor Chet, staggering on, leaning against the wind, and pulling the sled behind him.

"Well, you silly chump!" growled Joseph Stagg. "Where're you going, anyway?"

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" wailed Carolyn May. "He isn't anything like that at all! He's just the bravest boy! And he's all wet and cold."

At the conclusion of this declaration poor Chet fell to his knees and then slipped quietly forward on his face.

"I vum!" grunted the hardware dealer. "I guess the boy is all in."

But Chet did not lose consciousness. He raised a faint murmur which reached Mr. Stagg's ears.

"I—I did the best I could, Mr. Stagg. Take—take her right up to mother. She'll fix Carolyn up, all right."

"Say, kid!" exclaimed the cook. "I guess you need a bit of fixin' up yourself. Why, see here, boys, this chap's been in the water and his clothes is frozen stiff."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

IT MUST BE RATIFIED.

By MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.
Tune: "The King's Business."

The states are free to say
They will be dry for aye.
For congress passed an act
That makes our hopes a fact.
With power to right the wrong.
With voice clear and strong.
The temperance forces sing this song:

CHORUS

This is the message that we bring.
O make the very within ring.
It can be ratified.
It must be ratified.
It shall be ratified this year.

To save our boys from sin,
To give them strength to win
The battles over the sea,
Where many perils be.

To save the homes we love,
To guide our thoughts above,
The temperance forces sing this song:

(Chorus)

Then work from sea to sea
And make the country free
Vote for the man who stands
For home and culture land
To every candidate
In every doubtful state
The temperance forces sing this song:

(Chorus)

DETROIT UNDER PROHIBITION.

"Detroit, the biggest dry city in the United States, is more prosperous than ever before," asserts Zach Farmer in a paper issued by the Detroit Real Estate board. "This is the consensus of authoritative opinion, deduced from an analysis of general conditions existing at the present time as compared to the pre-dry period. From all outward appearances a normal observer would never suspect that the Motor City had once been one of the most flourishing haunts of old-fashioned booze."

Of the present situation it is as follows: Nothing does one hear a conversation in which the absence of liquor is lamented. Many of the former saloons have been converted into soft drink parlors and restaurants. Most of the vacancies created by suspension of the liquor business have been occupied and vaults, almost without exception, state that the real estate situation has not been impaired. To the contrary, in many instances, property values have been strengthened through the exit of illegitimate and the entrance of legitimate business to some sections of the city. The rule of fear that the elimination of a saloon in a business block would mean a loss of business on both sides, has been dispelled."

THE PASSING OF THE WASHER WOMAN.
Vote dry and you lose your washer woman. Say the housewives of Indianapolis to the housewives of wet states. A sad state of affairs prevails on wash day in the metropolis of the Hoosier state and prohibition is responsible. Under the old order of affairs whole families washings were done by the inmates of the women's prison. Since John Barrymore made his exit from the state, the number of women incarcerated has fallen off to such an extent that this work can no longer be handled. Since April 1, the day of the emancipation of Indiana from the saloons, the new arrivals at the women's prison have been cut down to one-third the former number; the third floor of the prison has been closed and one of the kitchens is no longer needed. Strange as it may seem, the resident of Indianapolis, notwithstanding the inconvenience named, is more than reconciled to conditions which enable women to work in their own homes or engage in self-respecting labor elsewhere.

THAT LOSS OF REVENUE.
Continually we hear the liquor interests predicting great loss of revenue to the government as a result of prohibition. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former head of the federal health bureau, answers them by saying:

"Better it would be to raise the money by a tax on patent nostrums and stock gambling than to get it from the wholesale wrecking of lives, careers and families. The amount of revenue collected by a nation does not measure its efficiency; but the amount of revenue collected from fermented and distilled spirits does measure the inefficiency of the nation."

Frank A. Vanderlip, former comptroller of the currency, later president of the largest bank in America, now serving without pay as chairman of the War Savings committee of the United States treasury, is also on the side of prohibition:

"The plea that government revenue will be seriously curtailed by nationwide prohibition should not influence action, for prohibition will induce a national efficiency which will open new and far richer sources of revenue."

WAR PROHIBITION.
On November 22 President Woodrow Wilson signed the special agricultural food production bill, which carries the war prohibition "rider." This provides that prohibition of both manufacture and sale shall begin July 1, 1919, and continue until demobilization is complete.

Dr. Howard H. Kelly, a famous physician in Baltimore, says that "whisky is not only useless, but harmful, in the treatment of influenza and pneumonia."

Spanish Influenza can be prevented easier than it can be cured.

At the first sign of a shiver or sneeze, take



Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if fails. The genuine has a red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

STILL "HELD HIS AUDIENCE"

One More Proof That Nothing Can Discourage the Man With the Divine Attitude.

"Ah, you're the very man I want," exclaimed the long-haired, faraway-eyed swain. "I've written a new poem!"

"Delighted!" murmured the button-holed one. "But the fact is I've a train to catch—"

"But listen!" cried the poet. "I will chant the first few verses."
"I should be happy another time—"

"Hush!" List! Hark! said the poet, holding fast to his friend's button. "Soft in the sweet effluence of the eye—"

The valuable moments flew by while the poet, with closed eyes, clanked on, waving one hand dreamily, clutching his audience's button with the other. At last, in desperation, the audience cut the button off and fled. The poet went on chanting to the button—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Lives 200 Years!

For more than 200 years, Huxford Oil, the famous national remedy of Holland, has been recognized as an excellent relief from all forms of kidney and bladder disorders. Its very age is proof that it must have unusual merit.

If you are troubled with pains or aches in the back, feel tired in the morning, headache, indigestion, insomnia, painful or too frequent passage of urine, irritation of stone in the bladder, or will not sleep, certainly find relief in GENUINE Huxford Oil Capsules. This is the good old remedy that has stood the test for hundreds of years, prepared in the proper quantity and convenient form to take. It is imported direct from Holland laboratories, and you can get it at any drug store. It is a standard, old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. Each capsule contains one drop of pure oil and is pleasant and easy to take. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. Your money is promptly refunded if they do not relieve you. But be sure to get the genuine GOLD MEDAL brand. In boxes, three sizes—Adv.

How to Get a Job.

"Your credentials are satisfactory," said a manufacturer to a youth who was applying for a situation as clerk.

"Have you a grandmother?"

"No, sir."

"Any dear old aunt?"

"No, sir."

"Or great-aunts?"

"No, sir."

"Or any other relatives who will be likely to die during the 1918-19 baseball season?"

"No, sir."

"You'll do. You can start work tomorrow."

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin.
Tough pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

Step Higher Up.
If all our actions and motives in daily life could be actuated by a subconscious and all-pervading idea of fitting ourselves as we go along step by step for figurative letters of recommendation as to our ability to capably hold the next trench ahead, how surely would our foes of slackness, dilatoriness and incompetence be routed.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 c. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 c. of glycerine. Any drugstore can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Pie.
"What is this cup-a-pie?" asked the movie comedian.

"It alludes to a knight's garb in the middle ages."

"So? I thought maybe it was something we could use in our biz."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears